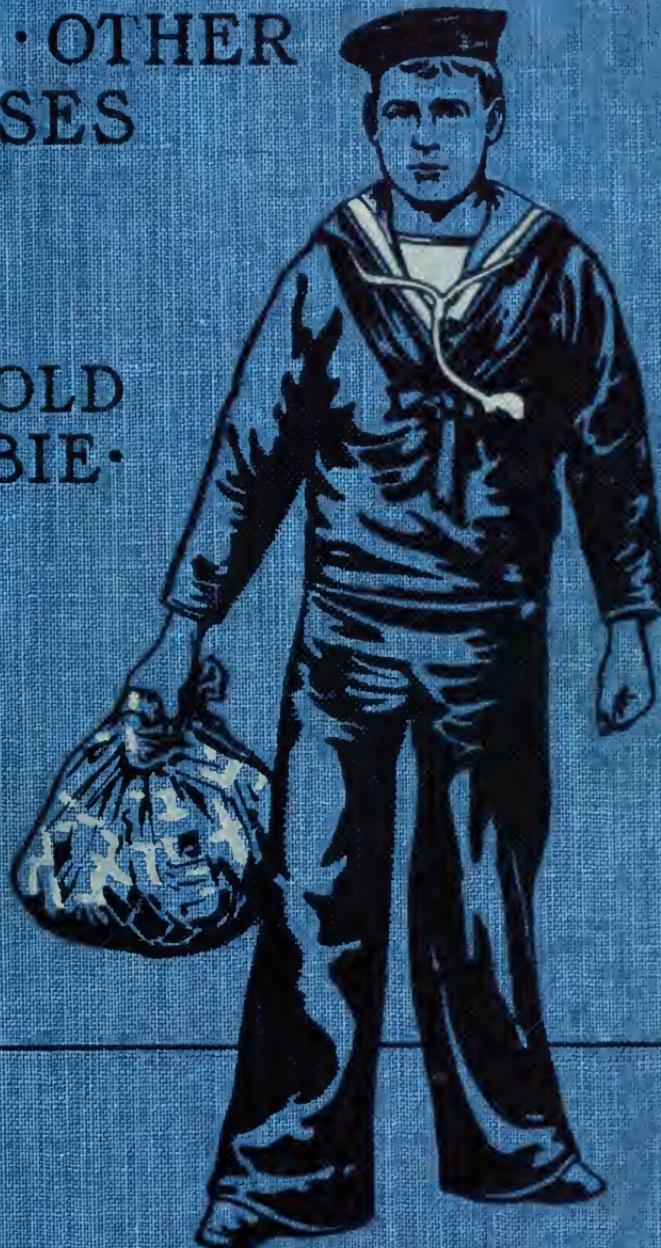


# THE HANDY-MAN AND OTHER VERSES

BY  
HAROLD  
BEGBIE.



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To

Mrs. Needham

With kindest regards from

The Author

2nd June 1902



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THE HANDY MAN

## TWO BOOKS OF THE SEA.

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BY

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LONDON: GRANT RICHARDS  
9 HENRIETTA STREET, W.C.

# THE HANDY MAN

—  
And Other Verses

BY HAROLD BEGBIE

London

GRANT RICHARDS

1900

PR6003  
E415H25

TOUCHSTONE. *Come, sit, sit, and a song.*

FIRST PAGE. *Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking or spitting or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?*

SECOND PAGE. *I' faith, i' faith ; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.*

ERRATUM.

Page 81, line 4, for "There" read "These"



## **NOTE**

*THE majority of these verses appeared in the Morning Post ; others in the Globe, Literature, and To-Day, through the courtesy of whose editors I am permitted to publish them in their present form. The lines “Knight o' the Sea” were written for the Souvenir of the Royal Naval and Military Bazaar.*



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## THE HANDY MAN

(LADYSMITH, OCTOBER 30, 1899)

We've seen him dragging his guns along in the  
Agricultural Hall,  
Trotting about in the soundless tan as if he were  
playing at ball,  
But none of us saw him in far Natal, tugging away  
at his load  
Through the ruts in the road which the rain had  
cut, and where there was never a road ;

Nobody heard it or saw it, and there wasn't a band  
to play,

But he landed 'em up at Ladysmith from the  
cruiser down in the bay;

And just when the guns were needed, and looking  
quite spick and span,

With a nod to the gent of the Absent Mind, up  
doubles the Handy Man.

Handy afloat, handy ashore, handier still in  
a hole,

Ready to swarm up a mountain-side, or walk  
on a greasy pole;

Lugging a gun through a desert, scrubbing a  
deck milk-white,

Jack is the man for a children's romp and the  
awkward hour of a fight.

He finds the range in the time it takes to cock his  
eye on the foe,

He stands as stiff as a Noah's Ark till his officer  
says "Let go!"

And as soon as he's hit where he's told to hit, and  
somebody's said "Well done,"

He turns with a click to the right-about, and  
trundles away with his gun.

His eye is the eye of the eagle that sees and knows  
from afar,

His hand is as swift as the hand that smote the  
triumph of Trafalgar,

And the heart is the heart of a lion that hides in  
the glorious dress

Where the only gold is the name he loves with its  
pennon of H.M.S.

Handy afloat, handy ashore, sleeps like a babe  
in his bunk,

Ready to dance, and ready to fight, and never  
been known to funk ;

Tugging his gun behind him, he's fighting his  
way to Heav'n—

Doing the thing he is told to do, to the tune  
of the Four-point-Sev'n.

He keeps his cap for his own hard head when  
whispers of friendship fly,

It isn't the thing for a Handy Man to swop with  
a fond ally;

And it isn't the wish of the Handy Man that a  
furriner's arm should pull

A single oar in the trim tough boat, whose skipper  
is old John Bull.

He keeps to himself does the Handy Man, when  
the clouds are pack'd for a squall,  
But he comes with his gun from the ends of the  
earth when the bugle gives him a call ;  
And the babe sleeps sound in her cot o' nights, and  
the trader may plot and plan,  
For under the stars on the rolling deep stands the  
vigilant Handy Man.

Handy afloat, handy ashore, easiest soul to  
please,  
Ready to straddle a merry-go-round or ride  
on the plunging seas ;  
Son of this sea-girt England, ward of the  
world-wide breed,  
Jack is the man for the midnight watch or  
the hour of the Empire's need.

## BOTH ARMS

### A SAILOR'S MARCHING SONG

TRAMP ! tramp ! this is my song,  
Soldier and sailor marching along,  
One from the barrack and one from the ship,  
Marching along with a swing from his hip ;  
Over the mountains and on thro' the plains ;  
Hark to the jingle of weapons and chains ;  
Storming the trenches and breaking the  
square,  
Both arms together—a thundering pair !

O the left you hold for hitting, and the right you

keep for guard,

And the left can leap out lusty and can slog

almighty hard !

But there comes a time, my hearties, and the

sailor isn't loth,

When you've got to sling two fists in, when you've

got to slam with both.

Tramp ! tramp ! here's a good song,

Soldier and sailor marching along,

Shoulder to shoulder, eyes straight ahead,

Swinging their arms to the tune of the

tread.

Tramp ! tramp ! hark to the sound !

Thunder of marching that rolls from the

ground.

Danger to England? On to the foe!

Both arms together, and swift be the blow!

O the left you hold for hitting, and the right you  
keep for guard,

And the left can leap out lusty and can slog  
almighty hard!

But there comes a time, my hearties, and the  
sailor isn't loth,

When you up and sling two fists in, when you  
slam away with both.

Tramp! tramp! Look in their eyes—

Shoulder to shoulder—England's allies:

Never they tremble, never despair,

Marching to Death with their heads in the  
air!

Guarding our island, guarding our realm,  
True to the word of the man at the helm,  
True to our honour, valiant and strong,  
Both arms together, swinging along !

O the left you hold for hitting, and the right you  
keep for guard,  
And the left can leap out lusty and can slog  
almighty hard !  
But there comes a time, my hearties, and the  
sailor isn't loth,  
When you sling two iron fists in, when you slog  
and slam with both.

## THE SONG OF FIGHTING JACK

THE cruiser's lying idle in the bay  
With the water washing softly off her side,  
And the wind that hits her rigging smells of  
spray,  
Smells of biting salt it's whistled from the  
tide ;  
I can hear the ocean calling in my sleep,  
I can hear her whisper womanly, and croon,  
I can see the laughing glitter on the deep  
From the man what grins so pleasant in the  
moon.

THE SONG OF FIGHTING JACK 11

But I hear as well as the grinding swell  
The roar of the gun and the shriek of the  
shell ;  
I see the track where the horsemen hack,  
And I wake to know I am fighting Jack,  
Wake to know I am striking a blow  
With my old sea gun at an old land foe.

The gun I've fired across the water's glint  
Rips the rocks where they are hiding in the  
pass :  
Ay, it tears their jagged mountain into flint,  
And it flings a flame of fire into the grass !  
O the gun was made for busting ships at sea,  
Which is work the Navy learns us men in blue ;  
But the gun has ketched the land idea—and me ?  
Well, I find as I am learning of it too.

## 12 THE SONG OF FIGHTING JACK

And it's truth I state, we will shoot as  
straight

When the furriner drives at our iron freight,

When Thomas A. will be far away

Wanting to help—but it isn't his lay ;

Wars on sea are a different spree,

They must bide their end with my gun and  
me.

## THE NAVY'S CRADLE

Dedicated to the Boys of the Royal Hospital  
School at Greenwich

TRAFAVGAR ROAD in Greenwich runs out of Nelson  
Street,

And it's there the Navy's cradle may be seen,  
Where the little Jack is nurtured who will one  
day man our Fleet,

And it's O he'll keep the decks of England  
clean.

At the desk in sombre serges while a nibbled pen  
he sucks

Jacky's learning how to read and how to  
write,

And with cutlass and with carbine in his varie-  
gated ducks

He is learning how to drill and how to fight.

He can pedal at a Singer when it comes to stitch-  
ing clothes,

He can knot and he can splice and he can  
cook,

He is carpenter and blacksmith, and the jolly  
youngster knows

Every signal in the Royal Navy's book ;

All the flags of all the nations Master Jack has  
got in stock,

And it's O the things they've packed into  
his mind,

He can make the toughest paunch-mat, mend a  
window or a sock,  
And he's up to all the dodges of the wind.

He has names we never hear of for the common  
things of life,  
And he doesn't always call a mop a mop,  
It's a chunk of toke he butters with his Govern-  
mental knife,  
But the butter is not butter, it is flop ;  
O'er his shirt he wears a jumper, on his head he  
sticks a goss—  
Such a playful little humour he has got !

He's a mason, he's a baker, and he's only at a  
loss  
When you order him to tell you what he's  
not.

He can march like gallant Gordons, he can drill  
like Joe Marines,  
And his father's little quicker in a boat,  
He's as proud as any gunner that his jacket is the  
Queen's,  
And he swims—about as nat'r'al as a float.  
With his toys of guns and rigging jolly Jacky  
loves to romp  
In the rooms that smell o' cordage and o'  
tar,  
While his nurses preach the gospel and the glory  
and the pomp  
Of the life aboard a British Man-o'-War.

You may sail the wide world over but you'll never  
clap your eyes  
On a cradle like the crib where Jacky crows,

And you'll never find a bantling half so cunning  
and so wise

As the little chap who lies in it and grows.

With his goss pulled on his eyebrows, in his ducks  
o' doubtful white,

With his chubby hands laid easy on his hips,  
He is waiting till we tell him that it's time to go  
and fight—

That we'll trust him with Britannia's pretty  
ships.

O the joyful waves come leaping to the shingle  
and the sand,

Rock the cradle, rock the cradle, Jack's asleep!

O the gallant Fleet's abuilding which will answer  
to his hand

When he's rocking in the cradle of the deep;

When he's rocking in the cradle where the ships  
of England go,

Where they went in valiant days of wood  
and sail ;

O there's steam upon the ocean, but the iron  
line's aglow

With the blood of ancient days that cannot  
fail !

## KNIGHT O' THE SEA

HE rides through raving storm to-day, like knight  
with helm and shield,

Lord o' the sea redressing wrongs he rides, he  
rides afield ;

The stinging salt is in his face, the wind screams  
past his ear

As the good steed leaps through roaring waves  
like a lusty light-limbed deer.

Knight o' the Sea he rides afield to keep the  
open road

Where the trader comes with an English song  
astride of his golden load,

From Auckland up to Plymouth Sound the path  
is swept and clean

By the man who rides on the horse that wears  
the harness of the Queen.

His armour is a suit o' blue and he wears no  
iron mask,

But his lady's colours are there to see on his  
royal sea-drenched casque ;

His royal sea-drenched casque, my lads, where  
writ in solemn gold

Flames "Terrible" as "Temeraire" flamed in  
the days of old.

Light was his heart and glad his eye—but clenched  
his iron fists—

When far afield the clarion rang shrill challenge  
to the lists ;

O then he rode with dripping spurs, till drenched  
in frothing spray  
He swung his charger up and drew the rein in  
Durban Bay.

He guards the Ocean as he goes through wildering  
fields of foam,  
But never a hand steals through to force the  
fastening of his Home,  
And safe from jealous plunderer our England  
takes her sleep  
While her Knight o' the Sea on his royal steed  
rides over the open Deep.

His armour is a suit o' blue and he wears no  
iron mask,  
But his lady's colours are there to see on his  
royal sea-drenched casque ;

His royal sea-drenched casque, my lads, where  
writ in solemn gold  
Flames "Powerful" as "Victory" flamed in  
the days of old.

## OUR IMPOSING FLEET

[“If such returns are to be published they should certainly exclude from the list of British warships a number of vessels which no one would think of sending into action on any terms whatever.”—*Morning Post.*]

THE Lords of the British Navy sat down with  
their pens in hand,  
And they made a list of the ships at sea and the  
ships that are yet to be manned ;  
They wrote them down and they drew a line, and  
they added them fair and neat,  
O never before, said the smiling Lords, could we  
show such a beautiful Fleet !

There were battleships, destroyers, gun-boats,

cruisers, coast-defence,

O the might of Nelson's Britain on the  
sea !

And with ninety odd torpedo-boats let carp-  
ing critics grieve

That the total under "Special" comes to  
three !

But the Lords of the British Navy stuffed into  
their mighty list

A bevy o' ships that a man might split with a  
blow from his knuckled fist,

And some of the boats were decrepit and the  
tackle was obsolete,

But the Lords of the Navy totted 'em up with  
the best of the British Fleet !

There were battleships, destroyers, gun-boats,

cruisers, coast-defence,

O the total of the aggregated tons !

And with such a lot of vessels does it matter

if a few

Do their barking out o' muzzle-loading

guns !

The man of the British Navy can handle the best

o' craft :

He would fight to the last with his cutlass out if

he stood on a tin-tack raft,

And the time for the crippled cruiser to go where

the Navies meet

Won't come, my Lords, till the halt and the maim

are manning the British Fleet !

Give us battleship, destroyer, gun - boat,  
cruiser, coast-defence,

That are worth the lion's heart and iron  
wrist ;

Take your red-ink quill and ruler, bow you  
o'er the desk again—

Strike the Hypocrite and Hoary off the  
list !

## WOOD AND STEEL

*OLD names that live in story,  
New names on many lips,  
The old and new one glory—  
The fame of British ships !  
The “Victory” and “Powerful,”  
White sail and drifting smoke ;  
The “Temeraire” and “Terrible,”  
New steel and ancient oak.*

When England rode to battle on Neptune’s open  
plain  
With Howard, Drake, and Frobisher to sweep the  
troubled main,

When good Queen Bess ruled England, with eighty  
ship a-sail

The strength of Spain was broken and strown  
upon the gale.

When England rode to battle and Nelson served  
the King,

Still went she forth in ships o' wood with canvas  
fluttering,

And with the valiant *Victory* and fighting  
*Temeraire*

Swept through the Frenchman's double line and  
stripped his glory bare.

With rent and ragged rigging, with smashed and  
splintered mast,

Her wooden sides ripped open, she gripped the  
foeman fast,

And through the swirl of waters, and through the  
lashing gale,  
Brought back the prize to old Spithead in days o'  
wood and sail.

Now goes she swift and sudden and knits the  
separate zones,  
With mail of steel patrolling the vasty world she  
owns,  
With *Powerful* and *Terrible*, with *Blenheim* and  
with *Blake*—  
Lo! England guards the ancient way of Nelson  
and of Drake.

When War heaps high his furnace and England  
tries the steel,  
God prove it honest metal from conning-tower to  
keel,

God grant in Armageddon we strike the ancient  
stroke—

'Neath England's steel alive and true the British  
heart of oak.

## LIBERTY JACK

(LONDON, EASTER 1900)

I SAW him tumble out of the train in his jacket of  
navy blue,  
Hero of Ladysmith landing safe in the bustle of  
Waterloo,  
And *bang, bang, bang* went the slamming doors,  
guards whistled, and engines screamed  
While he stood in the whirl of the surging throng  
and buttoned his jacket and beamed ;  
He carried his luggage all serene in a handkerchief  
neatly tied,

And the schoolboy getting a play-box out looked  
up at his cap with pride,—  
Looked at the Name perched over the keen, blue  
eyes of Liberty Jack,—  
Letters of faded gold that loomed on a ribbon of  
rusty black.

Home again from fighting, home from battle's  
toil,  
Standing glad and hearty once again on  
English soil,  
Merry as a schoolboy, modest as a maid—  
He who dragged his gun and lent a stricken  
town his aid !

I saw him swing up a Surrey lane, his little red  
load in his hand,

He blew great clouds from his pipe to sail o'er  
the ripple of meadow-land,

He held his head in the air and drew the breath  
of the soil to his lungs

As he strode to the village that gave him birth,  
and the music of English tongues ;

I saw him pause at a cottage door, under a roof  
of thatch,

Pause with a smile, for an eager hand was fumbling  
the clumsy latch.

Then I heard the door on its hinges creak,—a cry,  
and a sudden run ;

And the mother had opened her trembling arms  
and gathered her gallant son.

Home again from fighting, home from off  
the sea,

Kissing dear old mother with the children  
round his knee,

Joining in the laughter, leading in the  
game—

He who manned his gun and saved a town  
from bitter shame.

## HYMN FOR FEDERATION

God save the Queen that she may see  
The Federation of the Free ;  
This be Thy crown upon her life,  
The issue of our righteous strife ;  
God save the Queen that she may bless  
The union of the numberless.

When doubting hearts grew faint with fear,  
Her children o'er the seas drew near,  
God draw them nearer till they stand  
Confederate with the Mother Land,  
One nation, one in aim and birth,  
Shoulder to shoulder circling Earth.

Let not her reign unfinished run,  
Knit all her kingdoms into one :  
Let not alone the trump of war  
Unite her children scattered far ;  
Lord, bring them in, to stand with pride  
About the Queen in peace allied.

This be high Heaven's last reward  
For all her faithful service, Lord,  
This Thy great dower on her days  
Whose pomp was in Thy prayer and praise—  
God save her, that her eyes may see  
The Great Communion of the Free !

## 'THE ANSWER

OVER the world that has waited long the whisper  
of panic runs :

Listen ! the tramp of the armies, the clang of the  
gathering guns,

The scorn of the jealous nations, the laugh of the  
land that hates,

The snarl of the hungry peoples, the shriek of the  
crumbling states !

Over the world that has watched the sea the  
whisper of panic runs,

And England stretches her arms abroad and  
gathers her lusty sons,

Gathers them out of the glowing East, out of the  
loyal West,  
Out of the North and out of the South, and stands  
with her heart at rest.

Never a boast or a foolish word, they gather about  
her knee.

What is the answer made to the world ? It is  
here for the world to see :

The silent strength of a scattered line stretched  
over the ancient land,

An army streaming across the world that gathers  
without command.

For the race that have 'stablished freedom, and  
made their paths thro' the flood,

Have won their Right by their spirits' sweat, by  
their bodies' living blood,

And what they have won by soul and sword, by  
soul and sword they keep,  
Tho' the Navies flash from a thousand ports and  
strike for the sundering Deep.

## BROUGHT FORWARD

(THE VOLUNTEER)

HE has buckled on his armour, and his coat-tails  
folded lie

In the painted chest of drawers beside the bed ;  
And he doesn't wear a topper with a dickey and  
a tie,

But he's crammed a jaunty war-hat on his head ;  
In his swing is all the swagger of the British  
Grenadier,

In his eye is all the challenge of the Line,  
And he'll look a martial veteran when he meets  
us all next year  
With a medal on his tunic for a sign.

March away, march away ; O the rattle  
of the drum,  
O the thrill of blaring trumpets—  
March away !

From the office in Cheapside to the trooper  
on the tide  
And the trenches where the buzzing  
bullets play.

He is singing warlike ballads, he is bending o'er  
the map,

And he bucks of Bobs, and Kitchener, and  
White,

He has found the proper angle for his toes and  
for his cap,

And his bursting heart is spoiling for the  
fight !

O the ancient Easter Mondays lie behind him  
mean and tame,  
For the bugle that is ringing calls to work  
Where the wage is paid by glory and the praise is  
dealt by fame,  
And the burden isn't one a man will shirk.

March away, march away ; O the screaming  
of the shells,

O the rain of hidden Mausers—March  
away !

From the city's fog and slush to the sudden  
bayonet rush  
And the blow that wins the laurels of  
the day.

There's a little wife in Clapham with a baby in a  
pram,

She is spending rather less on shopping now,  
And she does not meet her husband by a crowded  
scarlet tram  
That comes tinkling in the twilight to the  
Plough ;  
In the parlour there's a portrait of a gallant youth  
in grey,  
With an order that was posted from Pall  
Mall,  
And she talks to all the neighbours in a military  
way  
Of "My husband with the Army in Natal."

March away, march away ; O the home  
he's left behind,  
O the cradle in the nursery—March  
away !

From the irksome daily round to the field  
where volleys sound,  
And the might of England gathers for  
the fray.

## A SONG IN CAMP

THERE'S one can tell of the grizzly bear,

And one of the kangaroo,

Over the borders we've come with our orders,

We know what we're here to do ;

For we all of us live in the same big house,

Though each has his own little wing,

And when obstinate nations attack the foundations

We all come together and sing :

For England, for England, the cradle of our

line,

The lances ride and the rifles ring and the

scattered sons combine :

For England, for England. We fling our  
strength between  
The Empire and the Danger for our England  
and the Queen.

There's some that come from a Melbourne  
shop,  
Some that were bred in Quebec,  
Some from a prairie, and some from a dairy,  
And some from the *Terrible's* deck ;  
And some of us marched from the counter of  
Coutts,  
And some from a constable's beat,  
But we're all thrown together in khaki and  
leather—  
We sing the same song when we meet :

For England, for England, the cradle of our

line,

The lances ride and the rifles ring and the

scattered sons combine :

For England, for England. We fling our

strength between

The Empire and the Danger for our England

and the Queen.

And when we've done what we're here to do,

And the ships go east and west,

Each with his story of hardship and glory—

And little brown holes in his chest,

We shall think o' the nights when we smoked our

clays

And lay on our backs in a ring,

Weary-worn after battle but making a rattle

With the song that was easy to sing:

For England, for England, the cradle of our  
line,

The lances ride and the rifles ring and the  
scattered sons combine:

For England, for England. We fling our  
strength between

The Empire and the Danger for our England  
and the Queen.

## ALL TOGETHER

(By THE MAN IN THE STREET)

HERE's a song of the men who fight for England  
and the Queen,  
Canada lads, Australia boys, Tommy, and Joe the  
Marine,  
English, Irish, Scotchmen, and Welsh, and Jack  
from off the sea,  
All of 'em marching, and sweating, and fighting  
for fellows like you and me ;  
D'you think at night when you're safe in bed of  
the work they've got to do,

D'you dream of shells that leap in the sky and  
pass your ear with a *shoo!*

D'you think, dear friend, when you curse the rain,  
and swear when the breakfast's late,  
Of the men who run to the fumes of hell and  
rattle their guns at the gate?

All together! all together! that's their  
motto,

All together, all together, that's their cry!  
Oh, they know there's work to do, that  
they're bound to see it through,  
And it's "All together—together—Do or  
Die!"

Here's a song of the men who die for England  
and the Queen,

Not so good as they ought to be, says a very  
reverend Dean ;

Not so good as they ought to be ! Is it a time  
to cuss ?

I'll not look for the scarlet stain on souls that  
are dying for us !

Here's enough for the likes o' me—the Death  
they've got to face,

Face they do with a song of joy—and God will  
provide the grace ;

Here's enough for the likes o' me,—*theirs* the  
Hand that strips

The tyrant's might in the open day and strikes  
the lie from his lips !

All together ! all together ! march our  
brothers,

Bearing Freedom on their bayonets as  
they go,

Search by Modder's trampled banks—not a  
coward in the ranks !

And they've scattered, and they've shat-  
tered, England's foe.

## OUR MEN

[“*The Men are Splendid.*”—SIR REDVERS BULLER.]

How shall it trouble, the moment's check? For  
the hearts of the men are true,  
True as they were when the volleys rang o'er the  
grasses of Waterloo,  
True as they were when the millions rose and  
struck at the British Raj,  
True as they were when the Cossack guns roared  
scorn to Cardigan's “Charge!”

Do ye ask why the nation's heart is calm through  
the long-drawn racking days ?

Why is there light in the people's eyes ? and peace  
in the people's ways ?

Is the General checked by a shrouded foe ? Is he  
caught in his cunning hold ?

How shall it trouble ? Our men are true as they  
were in the days of old !

They will wait as the nation waits, in faith ; they  
will wait for the hour of doom,

Never a grumble and never a doubt, and never an  
hour of gloom ;

Full of the strength that is very life, they wait in  
a valiant trust

To answer the check with the blow that routs and  
shatters the foe to dust !

As they lie in the trenches, gun in hand, they sing  
of their land and race,  
Sing to the tune of the screaming shells, with the  
blinding sun in their face,  
And they shout with joy when the order comes to  
spring to the battle's shock,  
And drive the foe at the bayonet-point from his  
burrowing lines in the rock.

They will climb in the night up the ambushed  
hill, they will charge in the burning sun ;  
They will thirst thro' the day, they will freeze  
thro' the night, they will stand by the splin-  
tered gun ;  
They will face the hail of the hissing lead, they  
will charge on the hidden hosts ;

They will fight with a song on their parching  
lips, and die with a smile at their posts :

These are the men who have walked our streets  
in the years of a languid peace,

Who have learned their drill on the barrack  
square, and longed for their time's release ;

Boys from the slums of our crowded towns, lads  
from the drowsy farm—

Men of a race that never fears, and the Empire's  
strong right arm !

## THE DAY'S WORK

It's a business getting up Snowdon, when you're  
fresh from your morning bath,  
With a sandwich tin and a whisky flask and the  
sun on your beaten path ;  
But it's harder work for the muscles, and a stiffer  
job for the bones,  
Climbing up hundreds of mountain feet when  
most of the feet are stones !  
Climbing it, too, in the darkness, with a gun for  
an alpenstock,  
Slipping and tripping, and waiting to hear the  
rifle's ping from the rock.

Slipping and tripping, but panting on, up thro'  
the silent night,

With the sweat running over your hand to your  
gun and trickling on to the sight.

But what of the end of the journey, when you're  
"safe" on the mountain top,

And the sun peeps out of the dewy East—and the  
shells in a welcome pop?

When there isn't an hour to enjoy the view and  
examine your broken shins,

When the foe leaps up on the other side and the  
work of the day begins?

Ah! that is the crown of the climbing for the  
sons of a Northern race,

Look at the joy and the triumph's light that  
shines in each sweating face!

Up thro' the pitchy darkness, up the embattled  
height,

Up to the rays of the rising sun, and the dawn  
of the long day's fight.

## BULLER'S BULLDOGS

Nor like a flame of fire  
Swept they to glory,  
But when shall Britons tire  
Telling their story ?  
Men who with dogged heart,  
Balked, torn, and riven,  
Held to the bulldog's part,  
Foiled, but not driven.  
  
Stayed at the shattered bridge,  
See the line quiver !  
Hurled from the mountain ridge,  
Swept from the river,

Backward and back they fall,

Face to the foeman,—

Fire of the ancient Gaul,

Heart of the Roman !

Grimly the bastions rise

Rock-ridged and solemn !

But where the foe that lies

Raking the column ?

Up the sheer height they scale,

Brother cheers brother,

Up to the crest—to fail,

Swept from another !

Down to the silent plain,

Bitter their curses,

Down, but to grip again,

Scorning reverses ;

Stern-eyed they dig each bed,  
Counting the number,  
Hard-lipped they leave the Dead  
Smiling in slumber.

Then to the battle's shock—  
Hark to the thunder !  
Buttress of jagged rock  
Bursting asunder !  
Red is the foaming tide,  
Red, stones and grasses—  
On, on, they rush and ride  
Into hell's passes !

On till the task is done,  
Balked, torn, and riven,  
On till the end is won,  
Foiled, but not driven.

Men of the ancient breed,  
Shot through, but clinching,  
Grappling with hands that bleed,  
Dogged, unflinching !

Not like a flame of fire  
Swept they to glory,  
But when shall Britons tire  
Telling their story ?  
Tale of the men who fought  
Asking no pity,  
Ay, inch by inch, and brought  
Help to a city.

## MAJUBA DAY

O Bobs, it was a dreary day until you came and  
spoke,  
The drizzle dripped so silent and the air it made  
us choke,  
For the wind had quit the city, and the rain it  
fell and fell,  
And the gloom was like the moments when a  
sexton tolls his bell.

But you spoke, light-footed captain, and the town

began to smile,

We could see the streets and 'buses all a-grinning

for a mile !

And the club forgot the climate, and the clerk

forgot his till,

And they talked of little Roberts—and a distant

stricken hill ;

Of a hill where England sorrows, and has shed her

mother tears,

Through the weary, weary waiting of the bitter,

bitter years,

Of a hill where trembling statesmen dug our

honour's shallow grave—

Dried our blood with coward parchment and

bowed down before a knave !

You put heart into the squadrons when they stand  
in grim array—

You gave heart to England's Empire when you  
kept Majuba Day !

And the cheer that gives you answer rolls its  
thunder from afar—

From the muddy streets of London, from the  
heights of Kandahar.

His aching loss he put away with firm and patriot  
hand,

Tearless the veteran turned from home to serve  
his Queen and land,

And the love he bears for England steeled the  
hand and nerved the brain  
To the blow which broke rebellion, cleared our  
honour of its stain !

## THE DESERTER

(A PRIVATE'S CONFIDENCE)

HE hadn't the heart for the barrack-square, nor  
the hour in the Riding School,  
He broke it rubbing an old bridoon and a horse  
that would never get cool ;  
The corporal's tongue in the room was sharp, for  
his shelf was a sorry place,  
With his boots in kinks from the foot to the knee,  
and as dull as a busby case ;  
There wasn't a awkwarder gawk in the troop at  
making a tidy bed,

The pipe-clay got in his tunic-braid and there  
wasn't no quiff on his head,  
The sergeant sneered and the captain frowned and  
the Room they treated him hard,  
So one dark night when the Rounds yawned by  
they was short of a stable-guard.

His kit was found at his horse's heels, and we  
spotted the nick in the wall  
Where he'd clambered up by the farrier's shop, and  
dropped on his pusher's<sup>1</sup> shawl ;  
But they didn't hustle to fetch him back, for the  
adjutant got the wink—  
There was better men than a swob like him to take  
their ease in the clink.

<sup>1</sup> Nursemaid, one who pushes a perambulator ; applied to any sweetheart.

So he got a job on a Yorkshire farm, and he  
carried the pigs their wash,  
He nursed the foal that had strangles bad, and he  
coddled the cow with closh ;  
They gave him a cottage with fourteen bob, his  
work was the worst of the lot,  
And he married the ugliest maid in the place, and  
she called him a drunken sot.

But the bugles rang, and the village talked, and he  
borrowed the farmer's *Post*,  
He spelled it through with a muttering lip and a  
face that was white as a ghost ;  
He spelled it through, and he slunk away, and his  
missus called at the inn,  
And just at the edge of her apron peeped the end  
of a rolling-pin !

But he wasn't there—he was far away, and he's  
farther away by now,  
Riding a horse that would split in two if you  
hitched him on to a plough,  
Riding a horse at the back of French, riding him  
straight and well,  
With a lance that drives like a flame of fire through  
the guttering lines of Hell.

Now he wasn't the man who could understand the  
grind of the Army mill—  
Why the tongue of a buckle must gleam like a bit,  
with the first six months of it drill,  
He hadn't the mind that is quick and clean, that  
is swift when it's just—Obey,  
And he isn't so good as the men who last, who go  
through the mill, and stay.

And this is his due: he is out with the rest, and  
he knew it was right to go,  
He has run away from the barrack-square, and he  
won't run away from the foe;  
And when it is over he'll slouch away to the peace  
of a dalesman's life,  
He'll carry the buckets of wash to the pigs, and his  
fourteen bob to his wife.

## AN INCIDENT

IN his uniform soaking and draggled, with the  
blood in his sleepless eyes,  
Hungry and dirty and bearded, he looks at the  
morning skies,  
He feels for his pipe in the blanket, he calls to his  
chum for a light—  
When a bugle sounds on the chilling air, and he  
stands in his boots upright.

There is jingling of chains and the straining of  
harness, the clashing of steel,

And the gunner swings off at a gallop as he buckles  
the spur to his heel,

There are whispers, and jestings, and laughter—  
then the scream of a rushing shell

And the crash of the guns from the trenches that  
fling back the gateways of Hell.

In his uniform soaking and grimy he stands with  
his gun in his place,

While the bullets peck at the riven ground and  
spit up the earth in his face;

He stands as he stood in a scarlet coat with a crowd  
at the barrack gate,

But the colonel knows what his heart is at, and he  
whispers: “It’s coming. Wait!”

So he glares at the smoke from the trenches, so he  
chats to his chum on his right,  
Muddy and thirsty and frozen—but setting his  
teeth for the fight,  
And he stands like a rock through the morning  
with the butt of his gun at his toe—  
Till the bugles ring and he leaps to the front with  
his bayonet-point at the foe.

To the mouth of the sputtering cannon, to the  
ridge where the rifles flame,  
On! with a shout that is strong as the blow—  
though he's tortured and spent and lame,  
Through the line of the reeling foemen, through  
the hail of the hissing lead—  
He wins to the rocks with his bayonet-point and  
stammers among the dead.

In his uniform soaking and tattered he lies with  
the mist in his eyes,  
The sun has set and the air is still, but he looks  
no more on the skies ;  
The lips of the cannon are frothless, there is rest  
in the worn brigade,  
And the only sound on the stricken field is the  
noise of his comrade's spade.

## BATTLE PRIESTS

THESE are God's witnesses who stand  
Where weeping England counts her loss,  
Who lift with firm and holy hand  
High o'er the battle Jesu's Cross ;

And 'mid the swaying armies drown  
War's angry clang with words of Life,  
Bringing to those the eternal Crown  
Slain in the momentary strife.

How beautiful the feet that go  
Where the shell shocks the unshielded line !  
Soothing the soldier's dying throe  
With comfortable Bread and Wine.

O while the legions crash and reel,  
Triumphant hear them name the Name,  
Breathing the living Words that steal  
Like music through the burning frame.

Death threatens them on the echoing ground  
And from the riven air above,  
What time the warrior hears the sound  
O'er volleying peal of Heaven's love.

Death beats their faces with his breath,  
Mocks them with discord of the strife ;  
But not for them the fear of death  
Who are the messengers of Life.

Theirs not to win the flaming height  
With crimson lance and smoking sword,  
Yet are they victors in the fight  
Led by their great Man-Loving Lord ;

And to the peaceful skies above,  
Up from the torn and twisted sod,  
Wing the white souls they loose with love  
To testify the deed to God.

## THE GOOD SAMARITANS

WHERE Britannia's flag is streaming,  
Where the shot and shell are screaming,  
Where the British brave are dying,  
Where the Empire's dead are lying  
    Pass the sons of Asian skies ;  
In their hands no shield they carry,  
With no lance the foe they harry,  
But amid the crashing tourney  
With a laden litter journey,  
    And the light within their eyes

Would be understood, my brother,  
By the tenderest English mother.

Not at Rajah's beck they render  
To our Wounded care so tender ;  
Not for them in England's story  
Battle's splendid pomp and glory,  
Hallowed by eternal Fame ;  
But, the love of Queen inspiring,  
Never fearing, never tiring,  
Of the battle's burden sharers,  
Pass the silent Indian bearers  
Through the circling fire of flame—  
Doers of a humble duty  
Christ hath lit with radiant beauty.

English mother, arms out-reaching,  
On thy knees High God beseeching  
Succour for thy valiant son,  
There are they who tend and cherish  
Him that kills thee if he perish—  
Hast thou, hast thou said, “ Well done ” ?

## R.A.M.C.

[“It is most necessary here to say a word in praise of the Royal Army Medical Corps, who faced a hot fire all day long, going close up to the firing line to bring back our wounded. It seems almost incredible that during the day five hundred wounded men should have been brought back by the Medical Corps, though to get them back stretcher-bearers and searchers had to cross and re-cross a zone of fire at least a mile wide.”—WAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE *Morning Post* AT MAGERSFONTEIN.]

HE marches with the rest of us, he swaggers all  
the way,

His step ain’t right, but his boots is bright, and  
he draws a soldier’s pay,

He wears a kit of a perfect fit, and his figure is  
just the one

To go ahead when the ranks outspread and the  
bayonet's red on the gun ;

But when it's "Charge !" he stays behind—he  
doesn't swarm no kop—

But don't you think that his morning drink is a  
basin o' dribblin' sop,

He doesn't shy when the shots whizz by, nor he  
doesn't shake when a shell

Splits over his head, and his friend falls dead who  
was sound as a bloomin' bell.

Look at the doctor ! We don't look at him.

Not till a bone's disarranged in a limb ;

What he is doing ain't nothing to us,

What he is thinking, now, who cares a cuss ?

We must go fighting, and he must stand still,  
Bust all the doctors until a chap's ill !

But when our leg is broke in half, and, truth, we  
must go sick,

He joins the strife with his long lean knife, and  
cuts at the wounded quick,

His words are short, but you can't pay court to  
one of a hundred such,

And we don't grouse when he wastes his nous on  
some of them groaning Dutch ;

O his hand it kind o' soothes the pain, when the  
eyes see only red,

He stays behind, but he stays to bind a regular  
splitting head,

And if we die of our scratches, why, it isn't his  
bloomin' fault

Who stays behind (which is very kind) while we  
carry the hot assault.

Go for the doctor, and mind where you tread,  
Tell him I'm feeling that bad in my head,  
Tell him the pills as I've swallowed ain't good,  
Tell him I've lost lots o' flesh, likewise blood,  
Go for the doctor, and tell him come quick,  
Fetch up old Sawbones, a Tommy's gone sick.

In barracks, morning stables done, on Saturday  
he comes,  
We have to show our chests in a row, and he  
looks between our thumbs,  
We don't go sick for a horse's kick, but a bite  
when you're bending down

Will make you feel as you're goin' to peel from  
the ball of your foot to your crown ;  
And so we go to hospital, and if he orders port  
A man lies low. "Are you better?" "No,"  
you ought to hear us snort !  
But it's hard to stick when another's sick—there's  
a empty bed in the room,  
And worser still, when we've finished drill, there's  
another old hoss to groom !

But, here's to the man of the R.A.M.C.,  
Buzzing about on the field like a bee,  
Tending the wounded where lead's flying hot,  
Biting his lip when he gets hisself shot ;  
Brave as the best of us, hurt and not tell,  
Doctor he may be—he's soldier as well.

OLD B.-P.

(A CARTHUSIAN SONG)

ONCE he was a little beggar, just like me and you,  
Playing footer, fives, and cricket, hashing Virgil,  
too ;

Pr'aps upon this form he squatted, dipped into  
this ink,

Scuffed on this floor like we do when we try to  
think ;

Now he's sitting on a rampart, field-glass in his  
hand,

Watching chaps who want his village burrowing  
in the sand ;  
Now he's storming forts and trenches, reading  
printers' " proofs,"  
Always keeping Jack a-flying over spluttered  
roofs !

Then here's to the old Carthusian boy,  
Just like me and you,  
He's certain to stick it, and keep up his  
wicket,  
And pull the whole garrison through !

Then here's to the old Carthusian boy,  
Just like you and me,  
He can fight, play the fool, and he's proud  
of the School—  
So here's to old B.-P.

Once he conjugated *Vinco*, just like you and me !  
Drew a map of Europe, swatted at the Rule of  
Three,  
Whistled o'er the playground, rolled the duffer in  
the dirt,  
Wore to chapel, just like we do, topper and clean  
shirt ;  
Now he's eating chunks of horses, hardly closing lids,  
Fighting chaps who fire on women, shell the little  
kids ;  
Now he sallies out to meet them, breaks the  
cordon down,  
Keeps old England's flag still flying o'er the tin-  
pot town.

Then here's to the old Carthusian boy,  
Just like me and you ;

We know he will stick it, and keep up his  
wicket,  
And jolly well pull 'em all through !  
Then here's to the old Carthusian boy,  
Just like you and me ;  
He can fight, play the fool, and he's proud  
of the School—  
So here's to old B.-P.

When a dozen years are over, you and I may be  
Holding towns or ruling niggers, just like old  
B.-P.,  
Shaving every day, and puffing whacking big  
cheroots,  
Gold lace round our caps and jingling spurs on  
shiny boots.  
O I see him on his rampart grinning at the foe,

Keeping up his people's spirits, dancing at a  
"show,"  
Nursing wounded yelling kiddies, soothing mothers'  
fears—  
Hope I shall be something like him in a dozen  
years !

O here's to the old Carthusian boy,  
Just like me and you.  
Who doubts that he'll stick it and keep up  
his wicket,  
And jolly well pull 'em all through ?  
Then here's to the old Carthusian boy,  
Just like you and me ;  
He can fight, play the fool, and he's proud  
of the School—  
So here's to old B.-P.

## THE IMMORTAL HANDFUL

(MAFEKING, *May 1900*)

SHOUT for the desperate host,  
Handful of Britain's race,  
Holding the lonely post  
Under God's grace ;  
Guarding our England's fame  
Over the open grave,  
Shielding the Flag from shame—  
Shout for the brave !

Ringed by a ruthless foe  
Dared they the night attack,  
Answered him blow for blow,  
Hurling him back ;

Cheering, the charge was pressed,  
More than they held they hold,  
Won bayonet at the breast—  
Shout for the bold !

Long, long the days and nights ;

Bitter the tales that came ;

What of the distant fights ?

Rumours of shame ?

Scorning the doubts that swell,

Nursing the hope anew,

They did their duty well—

Shout for the true !

Shout for the glory won,

Empire of East and West !

Shout for each valiant son

Nursed at thy breast !

94      THE IMMORTAL HANDFUL

Fear could not find them out,  
Death stalked there iron-shod,  
Help found them Victors—shout  
Praises to God !

## PRETORIA BOBS

BE sure the man who can sit and wait  
Is he who can move when he likes ;  
O it's lightning flash and the devil's own smash  
When he jumps to his feet and strikes ;  
When he jumps to his feet and strikes, brave  
boys,  
O the other man reels and spins,  
Lay your money on Bobs when you're talking of  
jobs  
Where the man that is wisest wins.

Puffing out of Waterloo to fair Southampton's  
dock,

Steaming into Table Bay punctual as a clock,  
Wiping out Majuba Day, careful of the date,  
Just a year since Kruger's plot we're knocking at  
his gate!

Now the Army's Chief is a statesman wise,  
He is quick with the sword and pen,  
But the work of his brain had been waste and  
vain  
If he hadn't led British men ;  
If he hadn't led British boys (Mark time !),  
O hear what the war-drum throbs :  
“ We haven't a name, but we'll live in Fame  
As the Men who marched out with Bobs.”

Steamers bound for Table Bay from Melbourne

and Quebec,

All the kingdoms of the Queen run to meet the  
Check,

All the Empire one in heart, Kruger bruits his  
brag,

Just a year since Europe hoped—Pretoria flies  
the Flag!

O slow to the strife but swift with the blow

Is our way in the quarrel just,

And it's never let go of the slippery foe

Till he's bitten his own red dust;

Till he's bitten his own red dust, brave boys,

Till he's swallowed his brazen brag,

Till the land is freed by the Lion's bold breed

And Tyranny bows to the Flag.

Marching up from Bloemfontein to Mr. Kruger's  
town,

England's banner floating there, never coming  
down,

Hammered is the traitor foe, now the slate is  
clean,

Just a year—Pretoria shouts with us, “God save  
the Queen ! ”

TO COLONEL PLUMER<sup>1</sup>

FROM THE MAN IN THE STREET

WE get a word of Buller, and little snips from  
French,

We hear of shells that split a fort and rake a  
bloomin' trench ;

But the man we want to hear of, what we've got  
to hear of, too,

Is a little bloke called Plumer—Colonel Plumer—  
which is you.

<sup>1</sup> Colonel Plumer—an old campaigning friend of the hero of Mafeking—after encountering many difficulties reached Mafeking and received the grateful congratulations of Baden-Powell.

I couldn't tell you why it is, but for the likes o'  
me

There's a kind o' fancy feelin' for the chap they  
call B.-P.,

And they tell me that the only man to help him  
put it thro'

Is a little bloke called Plumer—Colonel Plumer—  
which is you.

So hustle, Mister Plumer, lace your boots and  
pack your grub,

It's a hundred days and over that he's kep' the  
Boers outside ;

So be sharp and move your bones, march away  
from Gaberones,

Put your foot into the stirrup, shake your  
charger's reins, and ride.

You've got a chance you'll never beat, however old  
you grow,  
A chance to ride to glory, but don't you ride too  
slow,  
For the man you've got to get at is a man as  
mustn't fall,  
He's a man what's fighting desperate with his back  
against the wall ;  
He's a man what keeps his heart up, sends a joke  
by telegraph,  
But it ain't the joke that makes a man feel burstin'  
full of larf ;  
There's a something in his spirit which is different  
from the rest,  
An' it's no use my explainin', but we likes ole  
Baden best.

So hustle, Mister Plumer, stir your stumps,  
sir, make a move,  
It's a hundred days and over that he's had to  
sit and wait ;  
Oh, you may have foes in front and a lot o'  
things to shunt,  
But you've got to watch it careful that you  
don't arrive too late.

## THE BEARER

I STUMBLLED ; the squadrons roared by me ; I fell  
on my face,

Clutched gasping the dust that I reddened—then  
looked on God's grace !

Looked up from the hell of the battle, looked up  
and beheld

The Crown of sharp Thorns, the sad Beauty. And  
I had rebelled.

In His arms did He lift me and hold me, my lips  
did He kiss,

And He bore me away on His bosom ; I was  
drowning in bliss ;

For the earth slid away as a garment, the clouds  
swept asunder,

God's universe bared itself stark with loud crash-  
ings of thunder,

And there mid the myriad spheres, mid the  
manifold suns

All ablaze in the space whose infinitude baffles and  
stuns,

I rose on the breast of my Saviour, like dew from  
the sod

That is drawn to heights white with the dizzying  
nearness of God ;

And as Thought lifts the soul out of sorrow and  
bears it above,

Till the tares of the world wither caught in the  
radiance of Love—

So I rose from the shock of the battle, from the  
clash and the din

Unconscious of all save the greatness, forgetting  
my sin ;

And the hymn of the Blessed in Heaven descended  
and thrilled

All the stars with great music like colour—like  
golden drops spilled

On a floor that is sapphire and crystal—such  
sounds as in sleep

Through the brain like the rush of glad spirits  
triumphantly sweep ;

And the fear that had thralled me uplifted, as a  
babe on the breast

Slipping into soft slumber, I lay in Christ's arms,  
full of rest,

Till the fulness of ecstasy whelmed me—I wept, I  
adored :

Take away mine offence ! Let me love Thee for  
ever, Christ Lord !

All sudden the glory swooned backward ; song  
ceased, far away

Drew the pitying Eyes, fading swiftly like stars  
before day ;

Yet the wounded Hand lay in my own, ah ! close  
to my breast,

And I cried to him clinging : Lord, give me again  
of Thy Rest !

Then blackness ! I swung through dark clouds, I  
swayed back from Death's brink—

Lo, my hands clasped the hand of an Indian who  
gave me to drink.

## IN THE GARDEN AT KHARTOUM

[For many weeks subscriptions towards the Gordon Statue at Khartoum were only sufficient to pay for the pedestal.]

THE sun beats down upon the land,  
The sad acacia droops her head,  
Beneath her leaves, beneath the sand,  
Sleeps the imperishable Dead ;  
Above, the sunbeams dance and wink,  
Below, thick darkness—where alone  
He lies and hears the rhythmic clink  
Of chisel striking on the stone—  
And voices in his garden ground  
Of men who clear the tangled soil,

And all the happy English sound

Of busy labourers at their toil.

The moon climbs Heaven ; from out his sleep

He wakes to walk among the flowers,

About the broken paths that keep

Memorial of his martyred hours,

And lo ! above the grave he sees,

Reared from the littered, trodden sands,

A plinth amid the citron trees—

A plinth whereon no Figure stands !

And from the Nile a whisper blows,

A shudder passes o'er the place,

Night's brooding darkness darker grows,

And the great spirit shrouds his face.

“FROM PLAGUE, PESTILENCE, AND  
FAMINE—”

Not with shell and lance and sabre may ye turn  
the flank of these—

Evil spirits smiting India to the marrow with  
disease.

Sweep they o'er the withered region, swifter than  
the meteor's flight,

Wounding in the parching suntime, piercing in  
the woful night.

Desolate and scarred their pathway, all the toil  
and labour vain,

Famine’s scouts with poisoned breathing blight the  
fruit and waste the grain.

Stripped the iron earth and naked, bare as Khyber’s  
jagged pass,

And the sun above the dying beating from a sky  
of brass.

On the mother’s arid bosom crack the wailing  
infant’s lips,

Blue and rigid ere the death-dew from the gasping  
mother drips.

In the dust the strong man whimpers, whirling  
fleshless arms to God,  
Spectre fingers clutching wildly, beating back the  
flaming rod.

Death, and worse than death, the torture aching  
through the burning hours,  
Hunger, hunger, hunger, hunger—fiercest of the  
hidden Powers !

Famine stalking through the cities,—but behind it  
pressing hard  
Those who in the wildering Empire keep for  
England watch and ward.

Not with shell and lance and sabre, not with  
squadrons spreading far,  
Do they break the arms of Famine in the pomp  
and zest of War.

Silent as the foe they combat, spurred not by the  
public praise,  
Fight the sons of English mothers in the stricken  
Asian ways.

Driving Famine backward, backward, by the  
cunning of the brain,  
By the soul that never falters, never dreams  
endeavour vain.

Ah ! the grimness of the battle ! Ah ! the silence  
of the strife !

Ah ! the courage of the fighters wrestling Death  
for alien Life !

Ye who see in dreams the warfare, see the grisly  
heaps of Dead,

Hear ye not the voice of India wailing, “ England,  
give me bread !

“ Bread for those your children succour where the  
shafts of Famine fly ;

Be your largess as their valour, and my children  
shall not die ! ”

## QUEEN MOTHER

[Her Majesty visited London when the war in South Africa was at a critical stage.]

Lowly she comes among her people, she  
Whose name evokes a prayer on every sea,  
Whose word, whose glance,  
Kindles the knighthood in our northern veins,  
Quickens old chivalry, and wakes the strains  
Of dead romance.

Here is the mother at whose lightest breath  
Men run to climb the flaming walls of death,  
Run with a shout—

With eyes afire, with all the soul alive !  
For her to scale the volleying heights and drive  
The foeman out.

Here is the mother who has bowed and shed  
Tears for the widow and the valiant dead,  
Whose hand has lain  
Upon the stricken soldier's brow, whose word  
The starving garrison with weeping heard  
And strove again.

Deep reverent ranks of citizens, long miles  
Of white exalted faces, tears and smiles,  
The sudden throb,  
The roar that makes all golden language crude—  
The echoing thunder of the multitude—  
The cheer—the sob !

She passes from her people, and the street  
Rings once again to London's hurrying feet,  
The vast machine  
Grinds on again ; but hark ! from pole to pole,  
From zone to zone, the prayer from every soul—  
“ God save the Queen ! ”



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